

## PEOPLE WHO EAT CLAY.

### PECULIARITIES OF THE SANDHILLERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Kaolin as an Article of Food, with Yellow Marl for Dessert—A Diet Which Prevents Dyspepsia and Lung Troubles.

It is not generally known, but is true, that there exists not far from this city a race of white people called "Sandhillers," who are veritable clay eaters. This morning, in company with a young physician of this city, your correspondent was enjoying a faint into pine groves which skirt the eastern confines of Columbia, and we were proceeding toward the sandhills when we were accosted by an aged mendicant, who, thrusting an old greasy piece of paper into my unwilling hand, exclaimed piteously: "For God's sake, read it, gentlemen." My friend, who was prejudiced against beggars in general and "Sandhillers" in particular, was for sternly rebuking the old man, when something peculiarly touching in the applicant's look arrested that uncharitable purpose and impelled him to heed the whisperings of his nobler nature and to relieve the distress of the poor wretch. I, too, could not restrain a Christian impulse, and bestowing what alms I could afford I glanced at the paper which had been forced into my hand. This was what it contained:

To ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This certifies that the bearer, who is both worthy and needy, is over one hundred years old. Assist him, all who can.

I handed the centenarian his document and he shuffled off, chuckling over his good fortune and jingling the coins in his lony hand. Here, then, was a genuine centenarian, and we did not begrudge what we had given him.

AN UNEARTHLY VISAGE.  
But what a strange looking being he was! How unearthly his visage, how yellow his complexion, how shrunken his cheeks, what pleading yet listless eyes, and, withal, what a miserably emaciated and drawn-up body! Such a type of a man is not to be met with every day. I had, it is true, encountered in the streets of Columbia men and women not unlike him, but never before had I gazed upon his identical counterpart.

"Do you know that he is a real clay-eater?" asked my companion.

"A what?" exclaimed I.

"Why, a man that lives on clay—one whose principal diet is kaolin, or a sort of smooth, gritty, moist, white clay which abounds hereabouts."

"But you don't think I'm so credulous as to believe that this man, who is over 100 years of age, has achieved this remarkable longevity by subsisting on tasteless clay?"

"It is strange, but nevertheless true. I have made a long study of the subject, and have ascertained some curious facts concerning the clay eating habit. Now, to begin with, I have seen the 'sandhillers' of North and South Carolina, some of them not far from Columbia, while taking their meals, and have observed them consume considerable quantities of clay such as I described. Indeed, I have myself partaken of their frugal repast."

"Well, what does it taste like, and how does it affect one?" I queried.

"It is almost tasteless, but some of the epicures prefer to enjoy it because of the delicate flavor it possesses. It is perfectly white and wholly devoid of grit. In fact, it is nothing more nor less than the 'kaolin' of which plates, cups and saucers are made. There is nothing disagreeable about it, and it may be with impunity taken into the stomach. As an aliment it is not hurtful. It is contended that it is productive of longevity, and that it wards off several diseases. There are well authenticated instances of surprising longevity among clay eaters, and it is well understood by such of the faculty as have studied the subject that they are exempt from dyspepsia, never suffer from indigestion, and one has never been known to die of consumption or to be troubled with lung complaints."

ALLAYS HUNGER'S PAINS.

"Of course, there is nothing succulent or nutritious in clay, but it allays the pangs of hunger. This it does by distending the walls of the stomach. It is not to be supposed that clay can take the place of bread and meat as an article of food, but it does in a measure supply their place."

The doctor paused while I expressed astonishment at what he told me. Continuing, he said:

"In my country practice, which occasionally carries me out into the sand hills (occasionally, I say, for although the 'sandhillers' are the stickiest looking, most cadaverous and woebegone beings in the world, they are the healthiest). I have good opportunity to study their peculiar life and habits. They can subsist on the most limited quantities of animal food; in fact, they get very little meat—a poor quality of bacon about twice a week. They are lazy and thriftless. They are not happy. Discontent is their normal state of feeling. But they are troubled with very few wants, and these are supplied easily."

"Do they eat only the white clay?" I interrupted.

"As a general thing," was the answer, "but sometimes they vary their menu and garnish their board by the addition of a yellowish sort of marl, which is said to be scarce, and which, it is claimed, possesses a sweet taste. This serves them as a dessert. They, however, draw the line at red clay. This not even their iron-clad stomachs could digest. I asked a gawky old 'sandhiller' if he ever ate the red clay, and this was his response: 'No, surses. I hev occasionally had a brick in my hat, but I'll be blamed if I hanker after turning my bowels into a brickyard!'"

The Reporter as an Interviewer.

A reporter, in the course of his diurnal and nocturnal perambulations, runs up against a vast deal of human nature of one sort and another. The modern fashion of publishing a budget of minute interviews every day, quoting remarks that probably the speaker had not the remotest idea were going into print, furnishes many illustrations. Hardly a day goes by but what somebody gets mad and says he never said what he is quoted as saying. He demands a correction, and generally gets it. But he doesn't deserve it, and he knows it. The trouble is, not that he did not say what was printed, but that he did not want everybody to know that he said it. And so he charges it all up to the reporter and makes out that he deliberately falsified the returns. If the reporter was guilty of one-half the crimes that are credited to him he would be a most monstrous monster.—Pioneer Press "Listener."

The Pope's Publishing House.

It is reported that Pope Leo has purchased the Mignaneli palace in Rome for the sum of \$300,000, and is fitting it up as a printing and publishing office for religious work.—New York Graphic.

## ON A BUFFALO HUNT.

### A Narrow Escape from Death by the Hoofs of a Stamped Herd.

We came in sight of one herd as day was breaking, and immediately gave chase. The bison fled before us, we tearing after them like mad, but in a few minutes the herd scattered and so we selected a certain bunch, which we followed up. I had gotten pretty close upon my quarry, when, whick—out of sight they went, and in a moment I had followed them. They had gone over a bank into a creek so suddenly that, not observing it, I followed close upon their heels; and there we were, buffaloes, pony and myself, uninjured, but floundering and swimming about in deep water. By the time I got to the opposite bank and secured my pony the buffaloes were gone out of sight, scampering across the prairie to join the main herd, and my orderly stood on the bluff behind where we had just tumbled from, laughing at my predicament. He had luckily checked himself and stood just in time to save both from following us.

In half an hour matters were straightened out and we rode to the top of a neighboring knoll to get a view of the surroundings. Our original herd was dim in the distance, a cloud of dust on the horizon telling where they were still going at full speed. While regretfully watching them my orderly suddenly exclaimed:

"Look, lieutenant, here comes another herd across the country and making straight for us."

Casting my eyes in the direction indicated, sure enough another tremendous herd was pointing in the direction of our knoll and coming directly at us like a thunder cloud. No use to fly, for there was no place to fly to. One of the black mass was sweeping towards us like a whirlwind, and it became necessary for us to do something, and do it quickly, too, or have the life trampled out of us in a few minutes.

"Dismount!" I cried; "aling the bridle over your arm, and, when I give the word, fire as rapidly as you can."

We both dismounted, and drawing our four revolvers, opened fire on the solid phalanx at long range. The great drove of animals were plunging wildly forward, with their heads down, almost sweeping the ground, and consequently did not see us. Our hope was to attract their attention and by so doing to frighten them and endeavor to throw them out of their course. Had they seen us in the first place they would probably have halted or turned their course to one side. As it happened, they kept madly on until our bullets began to sting them, when the leaders looked up and, seeing the strange sight in front of them, actually paused or attempted to do so, but it was at their peril, for the foremost were immediately trampled beneath the feet of the rushing, crushing multitude behind. The pile of bodies was our salvation, for it served as an impediment to those in the rear and together with our rapid fire sort of stamped the whole outfit. The pile became higher and higher as buffalo after buffalo came rolling on to the heap, and this blockade actually caused the tremendous mass to split and divide, a moiety going each side of it. The center had been checked, but the wings were still sweeping by at railroad speed. We hurried down to the pile of carcasses as being our safest point and stood there watching the sea of animals raging and tearing by like the billows of an angry sea. A hundred yards or so further on the wings came together again, and there we were, in the midst of that living mass, safe and free from harm.

It was a strange, remarkable sight—one which I never expect to see on earth again. My head turned dizzy with so much motion all about me, but both myself and the orderly had sense enough to blaze away incessantly directly in front of us, which had the effect to throw the successive leaders in still more confusion, and no doubt was the means of saving us from being trampled to death. After this tremendous herd of bison, going at about twelve miles an hour, had passed, which consumed some forty minutes of time, we found ourselves among the scattered tail end of the herd. Here was our chance. Quickly singling out an animal, I was soon dashing alongside of him and pumping cold lead into his bosom from my revolver. My pony, well trained to such sport, never left his side until the poor brute staggered in his tracks. When he rolled over on the prairie in the last throes of death, I singled out another big fellow and was soon pouring leaden pills into his shaggy hide also. I had dropped an even dozen before my little cayuse or I became winded.

Then I looked around for my orderly, but he was nowhere to be seen. One old bull took no less than twenty cartridges before he yielded up the ghost, which compelled me to reload both revolvers from horseback while going at a tearing pace. The buffalo dies very hard. Even though mortally wounded, an individual unacquainted with its nature, though never so good a marksman, is much surprised not to see him fall at once. One would suppose that a shot about the head or central part of the body would prove fatal, but such is not the case. To kill a bison the ball must either divide his spine or enter his body behind the shoulder, a few inches above the brisket, this being the only point through which the heart or lungs can be reached. Even with a forty-five ball through the most vital part I have known a bull to run for half a mile before falling, although shot to the death.—Cor Philadelphia Times.

Mineral Wax for Railroad Ties.  
On the Transcaspian railroad in Russia, now approaching Mory, it is claimed that about \$800 per mile is being saved by the use of ozokerite, or mineral wax, for ties. When purified, melted and mixed with limestone and gravel, the ozokerite, which is abundant in the vicinity of the railroad, produces a good asphalt. This is what retain in boxes, and has been even in the hottest weather.—Frank Leslie's.

## General Advertisements.

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Offer for Sale

FILTER PRESSES, IRON TANKS (Various Sizes), STEEL RAILS, FENCE WIRES, ROOFING SLATES, CEMENT, CROCKERY, ROCK SALT, BAGS AND BAGGING, Vienna Furniture,

And a Large Variety of other Goods too Numerous to Mention.

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109 and 111 King St., between Fort and Alakea.  
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### THE DAILY HERALD.

To-day, September 1st, 1881 is issued the first number of THE DAILY HERALD, a morning newspaper, to be printed for the proprietor under contract by the Press Publishing Company, Merchant street, Honolulu.

Price Six Dollars per Annum or Fifty Cents per Month.

All who receive a copy of the initial or any succeeding number are respectfully

INVITED TO SUBSCRIBE.

Business men are solicited to test the advantages of THE DAILY HERALD as an

ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

A large edition will be printed each day, to be circulated in Honolulu and throughout the Islands, regardless of subscriptions, until a regular paying list of subscribers is obtained or the public becoming acquainted with the merits of the paper.

The DAILY HERALD will furnish a fresh and readable record of events in city and country. It will also give, from time to time as received, a summary of the latest news from the outside world, in concise and systematic form.

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—AND—

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For the Sick, Invalids, Convalescing Patients, Aged People,

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Ever brought to this market.

Clocks, Watches, Bracelets, Neck-

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Sinds, Etc., Etc.

And ornaments of all kinds.

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Particular attention is paid to orders and job work

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Our Goods are acknowledged the BEST. NO CORKS

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In all our Bottles.

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purities.

We deliver our Goods free of charge to all parts

of the city.

Careful attention paid to Islands Orders. Address,

THE CRYSTAL SODA WORKS,

P. O. BOX, 397, HONOLULU, H. I.

Telephone No. 298.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Waihee Sugar Company.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

stockholders of the Waihee Sugar Company, held

this day, the following persons were elected to office for

the ensuing year:—

President, Col. Z. S. Spaulding.

Vice-President, F. P. Hastings.

Secretary, Joseph O. Carter.

Treasurer, Wm. G. Irwin.

Auditor, Hon. James I. Dowsett.

J. O. CARTER,

Secretary Waihee Sugar Co.

Honolulu, November 2, 1886.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

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In barrels, half barrels or loose

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Sacks Wheat, Best  
Sacks Barley, Best,  
Sacks Corn, Best, Whole,  
Sacks Corn, Best, Cracked,  
Sacks Bran, Coarse and Fine.

Sacks Beans, White,  
Sacks Beans, Red,  
Sacks Beans, Bayou,  
Sacks Beans, Horse,  
Sacks Beans, Lim

SACKS POTATOES, BEST in GUNNIES

Cases Nicasas,  
Cases Extra Soda Crackers,  
Cases Medium Bread,  
Cases Cracked Wheat, 10 lb. bags,  
Cases Corn Meal, white, 10 lb. bags,  
Cases Oat Meal, 10 lb. bags,  
Cases Corn Starch.

Cases C & A Hams, Cases R. B. Bacon.

Cases Fairbank's Lard, 5 lb. pail,  
Cases Fairbank's Lard, 5 lb. pail,  
Cases Fairbank's Lard, 10 lb. pail

Cases Whitney's Butter, in tins,  
Half fiddies Butter, Gilt Edge,  
Qr. fiddies Butter, G. t. Edge

Cases New Cheese.

Boxes and bbls. Salt Codfish,  
Bbls. Tierces Columbia River Salmon

Cases Laundry Starch,  
Boxes Brown Laundry Soap

Pure Java Coffee, Roasted and Ground, 1 lb. tins,  
Sacks Green Coffee,  
Chests Japan Tea, 1 lb. papers,  
Chests Japan Tea, 1/2 lb. papers

Boxes Raisins, London Layers,  
Boxes Raisins, London Layers,  
Boxes Raisins, Muscate

Crums Citron,  
Boxes Currants,  
Cases Chocolate,  
Cases Mixed Pickles,  
Cases Spices, assorted, all size

Sacks English Walnuts,  
Sacks Soft Shell Almonds,

Cases California Honey, 1 lb. tins,  
Cases King, Morse & Co's, fresh canned  
Fruits, Jellies and Vegetables,  
Bales Wrapping Paper, extra quality

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Best California Leather

Sole, Inside, Harness, Skirting and Uppers,  
French and American Calfskins,  
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